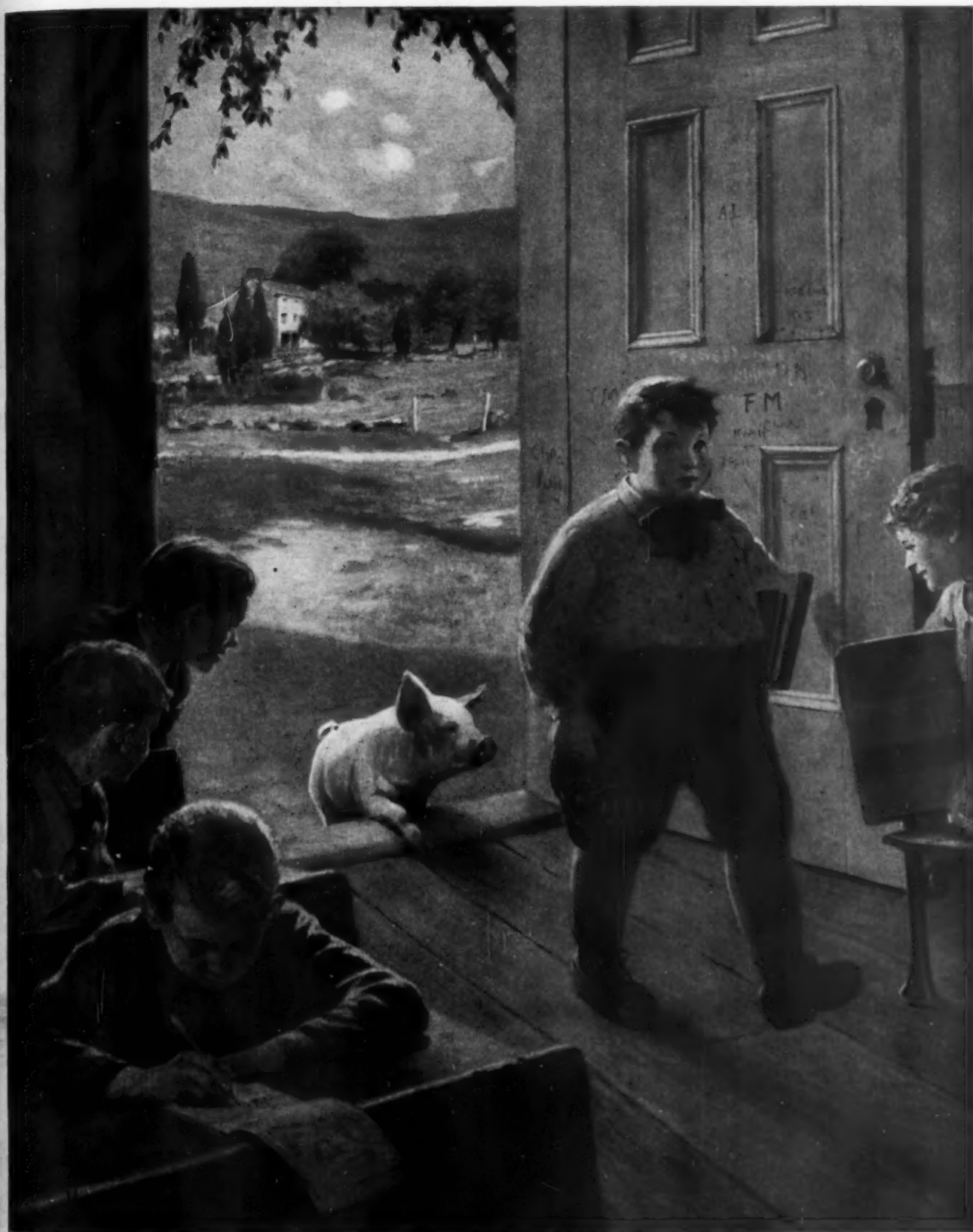


SEPTEMBER 30, 1920
VOL. 76

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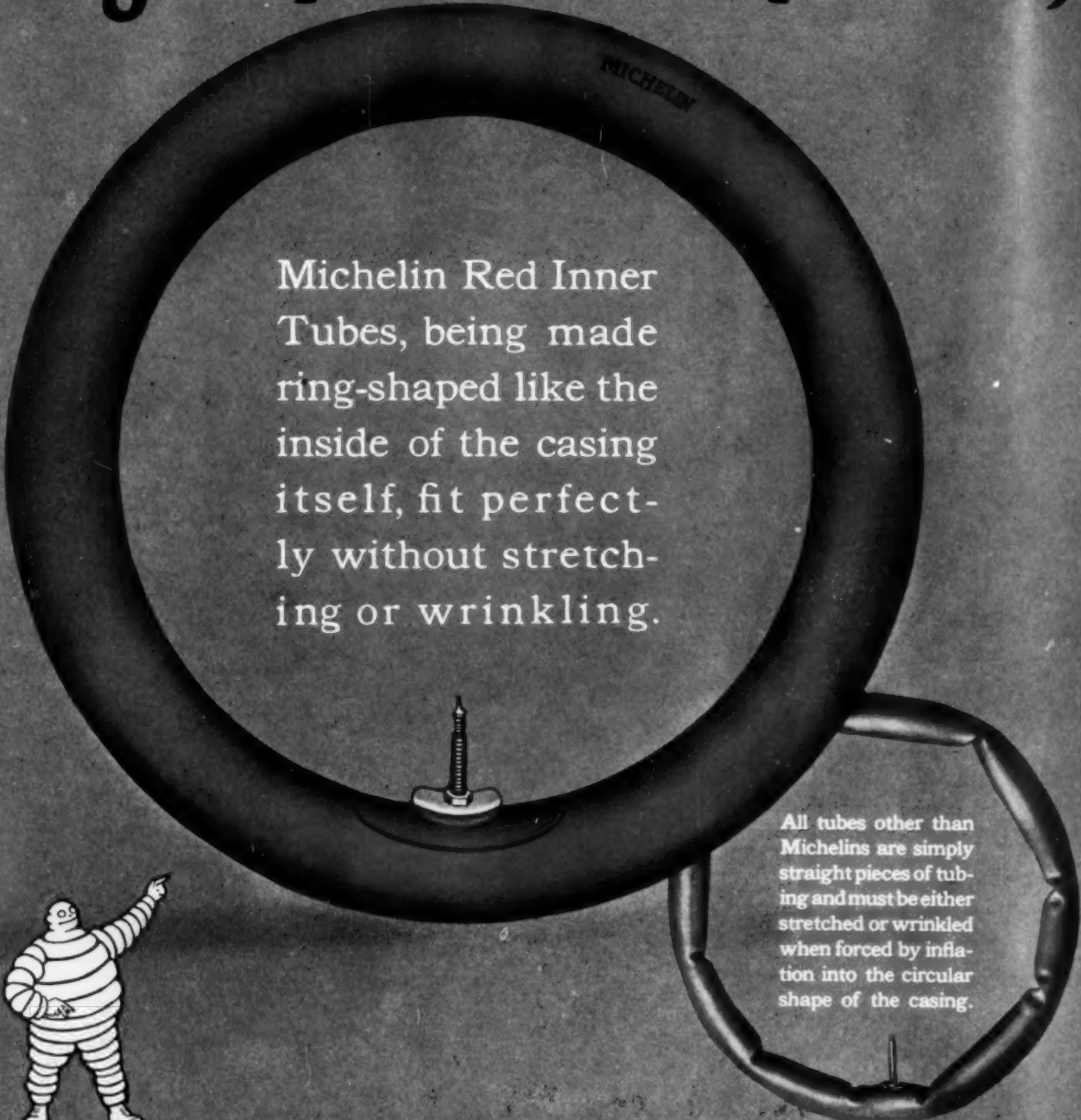


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"Mary Had a Little Lamb"

MICHELIN

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Michelin Red Inner
Tubes, being made
ring-shaped like the
inside of the casing
itself, fit perfect-
ly without stretch-
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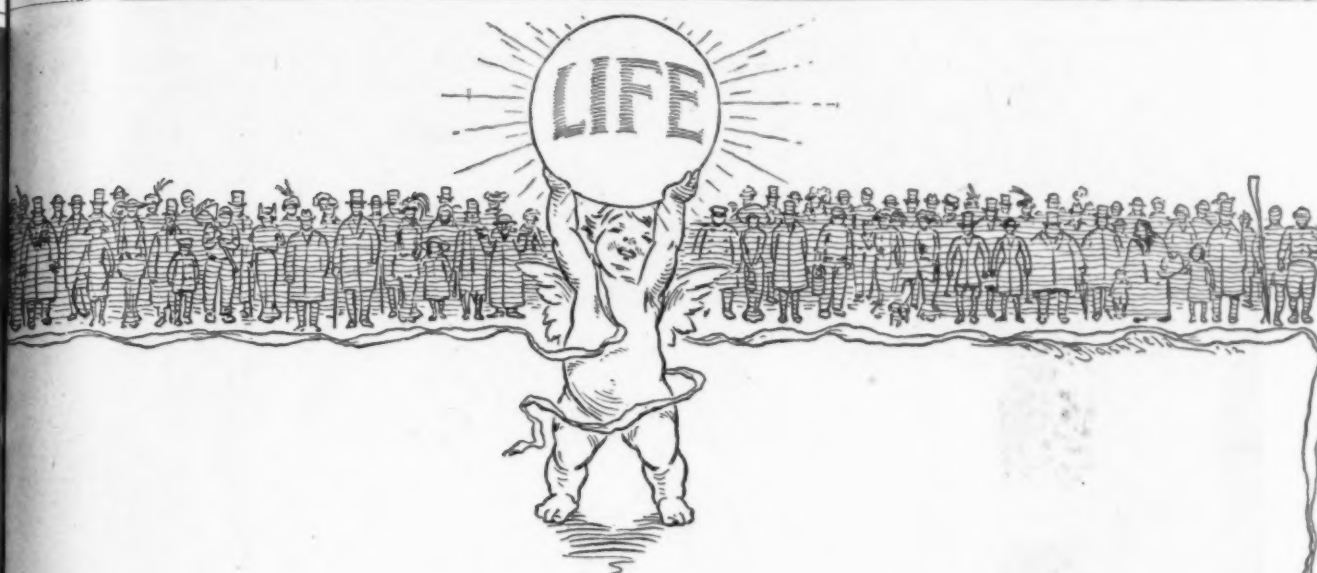


All tubes other than
Michelins are simply
straight pieces of tub-
ing and must be either
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when forced by infla-
tion into the circular
shape of the casing.

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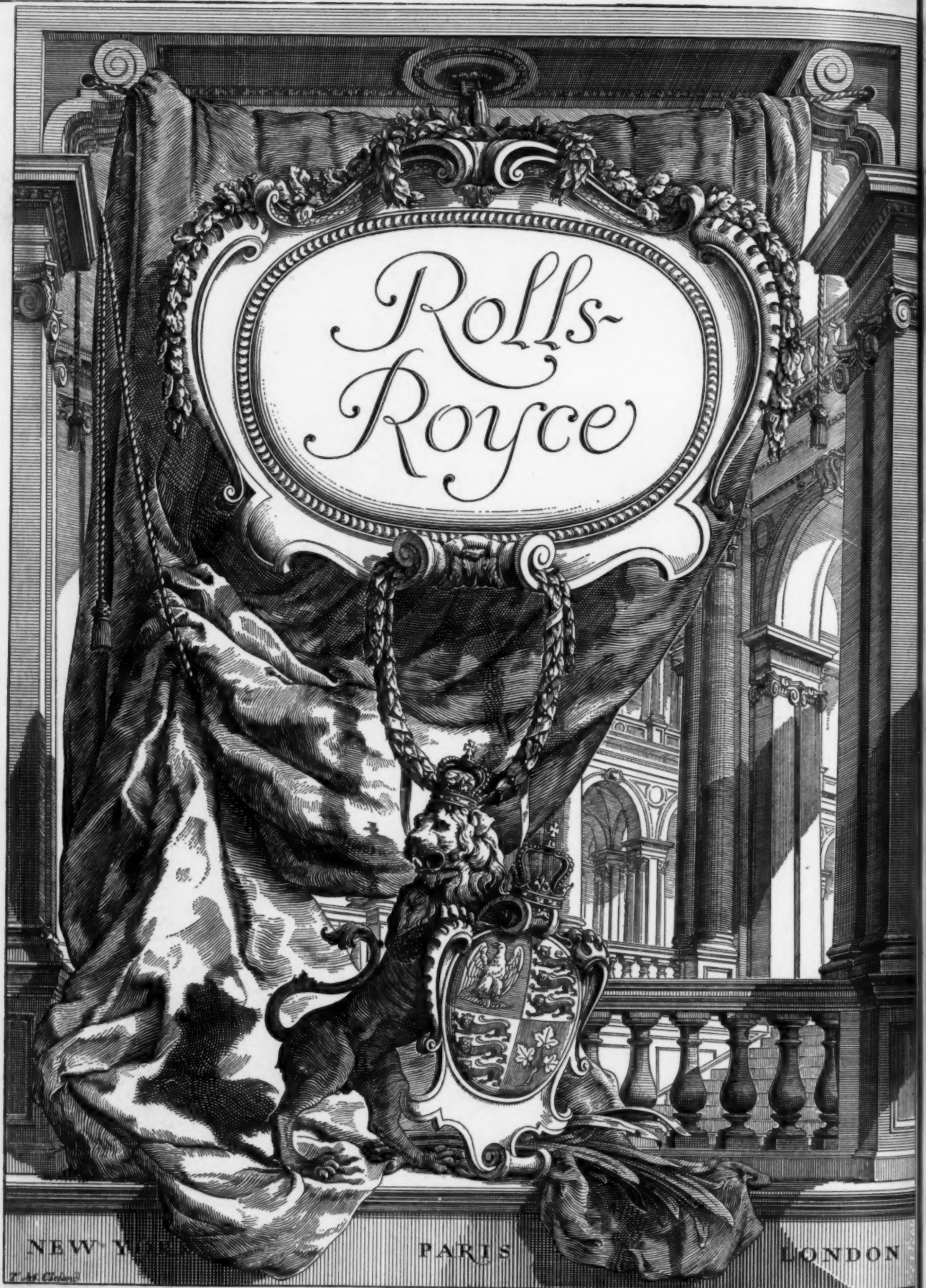
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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)





Tact

DOROTHY: Was Jack engaged to Mabel before he married Evelyn?

KATHERYN: Yes, and do you know what Mabel did?

"No. What did she do?"

"Sent Evelyn, to read on the honeymoon, Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*."

Rules

BETH, aged six, announced at dinner: "Papa, I have made up three rules to go by, and I am going to keep them all my life. First, 'Be kind to everyone'; second, 'Keep out of danger'; third and best of all, 'When I grow up and get married and have a little girl of my own—if I have one—and the house gets afire, save the child.'"



Young Husband: WELL, ETHEL, I'VE JUST SUCCEEDED IN GETTING UNCLE GEORGE TO LEND ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO START THAT BUSINESS.

"OH, JACK! I JUST KNEW YOU'D MAKE GOOD."

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1919, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children. The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and addressed to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance	\$16,609.44
Fifth Birthday Contribution by Wells Fargo Ostrander	25.00
Jean R. Kinder	9.00
Leila J. Laughlin	9.00
Mrs. Story B. Collins	9.00
Sunday Service Collection at Camp Wyanoke, Aug. 22nd	23.72
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From the Boys at Camp Passumpscot	4.50
Mrs. Edward E. Bashford	5.00
Proceeds of a playlet given by children of Pentwater	5.00

Mrs. J. W. Bolton	27.00
Grace H.	10.00
A. Cook	5.00

\$17,027.19

(The above statement includes all contributions received before August 31, 1920.)

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

From a "Davenport, Iowa, Friend," one boy's woolen suit, one pink calico dress, one woolen cap, one white calico smock, two woolen shirts, one red and black cap, three pairs of shoes, one doll, one rubber ball, one stuffed ball, one set of tin sand-molds.

From Charlotte C. Cerf, Santa Cruz, Cal., box of clothes and toys.

From Mrs. Thomas W. Moore, Huntington, W. Va., package of children's clothing.

Essential Suggestions for the Amateur Camper

THIS is the open season for camping trips, and all those who have a weakness for week-ends in the forest primeval will do well to prepare themselves for the approaching ordeal. There are too many tenderfeet who, unable to resist the lure of the Great Open Spaces, will insist upon going camping, unwarned and unarmed.

Although such people deserve (and get) all that is coming to them, we feel compelled, for purely humanitarian reasons, to suggest a few commodities which will ease the camper's burden as much as it is possible for the camper's burden to be eased.

Here is the list:

Eleven yards of mosquito netting.

One pair surgical forceps to remove ants, pine-needles, etc., from food.

One box matches with which to start forest fire.

Twenty-two yards mosquito netting.

One cat to eat fish which are caught, but not cleaned, by members of the party.

One electric stove for use in cooking purposes when coffee pot upsets and puts the campfire out.

One suit (per person) mediaeval pajamas of sheet iron to protect limbs at night from soft bed of balsam boughs.

Forty-four yards mosquito netting.

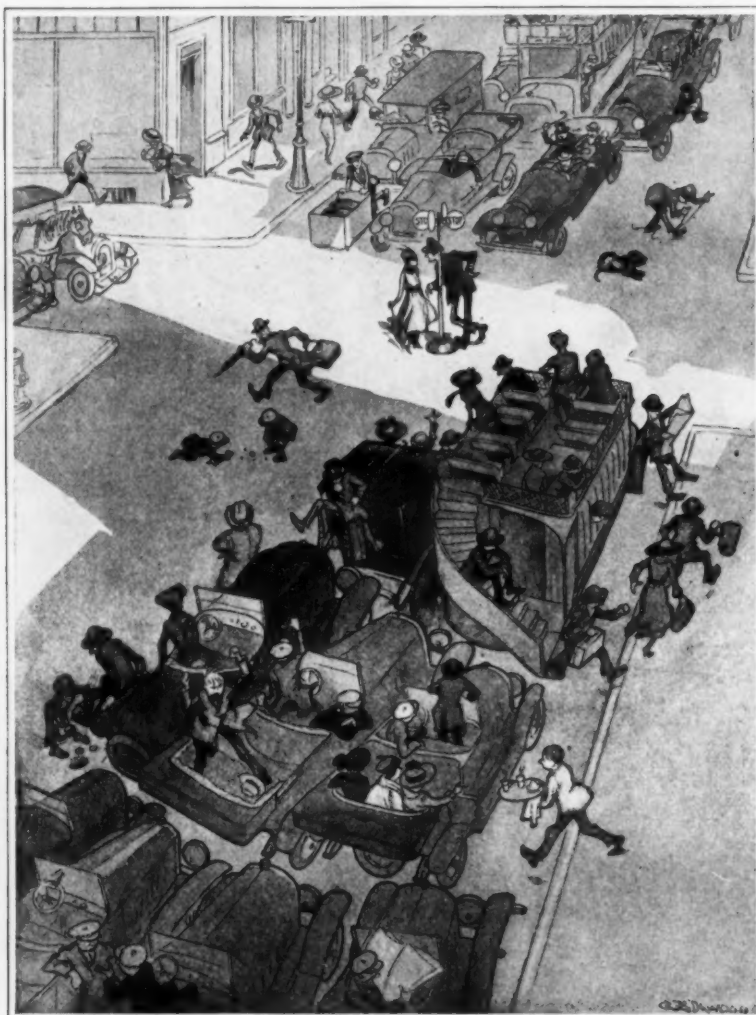
One compass with which to determine direction when absence of sunlight makes it impossible for campers to use their watches as compasses.

One botanical expert to differentiate between toadstools and mushrooms.

One hunting case knife (Boy Scout model) with which to cut fingers.

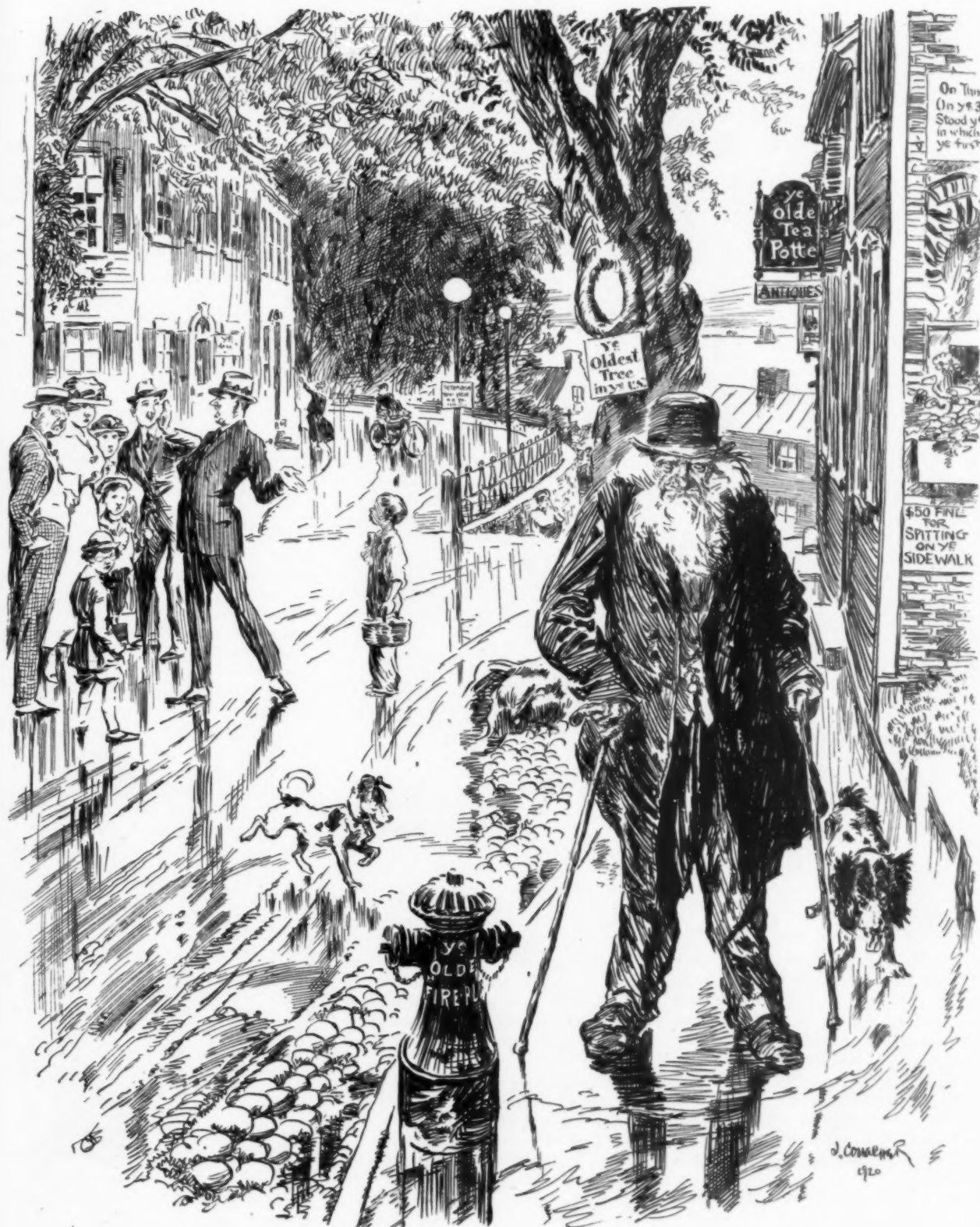
One portable house for use when tent blows down in thunder storm.

Six hundred and seventeen yards mosquito netting.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC

WHEN A PRETTY GIRL ASKS THE WAY, WHAT PART OF THE COP'S ATTENTION DOES THE REGULAR TRAFFIC GET?



Guide: THE HOUSE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE WAS BUILT IN 1722. THE TREE IN FRONT OF IT WAS PLANTED IN 1734. AROUND THE CORNER STOOD THE SALOON, OR BAR-ROOM. AND THAT OLD GENTLEMAN PASSING IS THE LAST MAN LIVING IN AMERICA WHO WAS EVER—IN THE QUIANT PHRASEOLOGY OF THAT DAY—"SOUSED"



"PARDON, MADAM. DO YOU BELONG TO THE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS' UNION?"

"NO. I BELONG TO LADY PORTRAIT PAINTERS' UNION NO. 23."

"ACCORDING TO OUR RULES, YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO PAINT LANDSCAPES. YOU WILL HAVE TO STOP AT ONCE!"

A Romance in Paper

DINNER over, the ladies swept from the room with more than the customary rustle and swish. It was a positive crackle. For all, in accordance with the dictates of fashion—or rather the stern necessity brought on by the high price of clothing—were attired in the new paper dresses. In the dining-room, the men were left, clad similarly. They cautiously lit up their cigars, asbestos napkins tucked protectingly under their chins.

The hostess was still a trifle upset from an untoward incident which had occurred early in the repast. A careless butler had spilled two plates of pea soup on Mrs. Frothingham's dress of dainty pink blot-

ting paper. The host's gay remark that not a drop had gotten far enough to spot the carpet, failed to smooth matters over, and the dowager departed indignantly.

Out in the sitting-room, gossip began at once. Had Miss Gaywon's dress at the ball last night been noted? Extremely décolleté, my dear. Not even the fact of a paper shortage could condone it. And had everyone properly checked off that impressionable young thing in white with a girdle of carbon paper, watched over so carefully by her mother? And, gracious! could one possibly have missed that flamboyant creature in the creation of Liberty bonds? Short, wasn't it? And when she clips the December coupons, well—!

Conversation fairly buzzed. Only those present were for the time being exempt,

and even then one guest was about to venture an uncomplimentary remark about the dinner, when stopped by a nudge. The hostess was right there, and would have heard, but she was wearing a gown of wall paper, which was of the same pattern as that used in the room. The perfect blending almost had betrayed the guest into a *faux pas*.

But tongues would have wagged most over Ida and Gerald, who had been seated next to each other at dinner, had not Ida been a member of the group. The young couple had not seemed able to keep their eyes from each other. His gaze had followed her from the room, and he barely had held himself back.

As soon as the men entered stiffly in their paper suits, Gerald sought Ida's side.

"Can't we be alone together somewhere?" he whispered. "Over there under those lamps in the corner of the library would be wonderful."

Ida acquiesced eagerly.

The minutes slipped by as they sat there, staring long at each other with never a word. A mutual fascination appeared to grip them. They seemed to see nothing else. Sometimes a tear glistened under Ida's lashes. Sometimes a little laugh escaped Gerald. There were tense moments, too, when they leaned forward and their breath came in short, quick gasps.

At last Gerald uttered a cry of disappointment, as he finished reading the story on Ida's paper scarf. Then he exclaimed hopefully:

"To be continued in our next."

But Ida, who had just perused the last words on Gerald's magazine-made left sleeve, rose, her interest vanished.

"THE END," she mocked, and left him for another.

Fairfax D. Downey.

Politics of Achilles

IN an Americanization class in one of our large cities, Achilles Bonglis, a Greek, about fifty years old, was called upon to recite the oath of allegiance, and did so promptly:

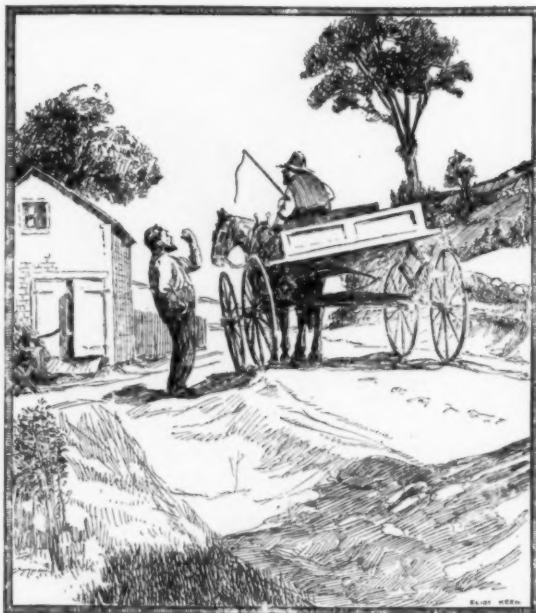
"I pledge allegiance to our flag and the *Republicans* for which it stands."

Pajamas

THE Hindu who is truly Brahma's must pray in trousers called pajamas. Our race outgrew its early loathing. And took the garb for slumber-clothing. Where it's a comfy institution. Yet note this garment's evolution: All Broadway's stimulating dramas Would die, without pink frilled pajamas!



The Man Who Sought a Home



LOCAL GOSSIP

Lorenzo Sherman had to kill a hen for dinner, and he tried to run it down. He wuz a-chasin' it round and round the barn when Sam Whitten come past. Sam seen Lorenzo go 'round agin, then he hailed him. "You tryin' to ketch that hen?" yells Sam. Lorenzo was tuckered out, so he stopped, and he wuz mad clean through. "No, you dratted old jackass," sez he, "I'm just gettin' her dizzy so'st she'll lay scrambled eggs." Sam seen he was riled, so he druv off.

Just a Plain Newspaper Man

"WELL, what's *your* business, young man?"

"Me? I herd sheep for Wall Street shearing. I elect presidents and sometimes depose kings. I make murderers notorious, and I tickle the public with the luscious details of the crimes. I know the score of the game. I'm a journalist, sir. *Whatever you say MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!*"

A Scandal on the Slack-Wire

IN a recent issue of the *New York Evening Post*, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, writing on the subject of "Inaccuracy," tells, by way of introduction, of his own inaccuracy in speaking of the Nereids who swim in the sea as appearing in the sixteenth Book of the *Iliad*, instead of the eighteenth Book as he says he should have said.

I am far too shaky on my *Iliad* to be certain that Mr. Belloc is really guilty of the crime to which he pleads guilty, neither do I care a tinker's dam whether the Nereids swim in the sixteenth or the eighteenth Book, or whether they swim at all in the *Iliad* or anywhere else. Indeed, until I read further in his article, I was quite prepared to believe that the author, like a slack-wire performer who, to give an added thrill, pretends to lose his balance, was only trying to terrify his readers. But when this most accomplished performer in the midst of his, as I thought, pretended bungling, actually fell off the wire and landed, with a resounding thud, in the bass drum, I knew and rejoiced in the knowledge that even Hilaire Belloc is not, as I have sometimes feared, incapable of error.

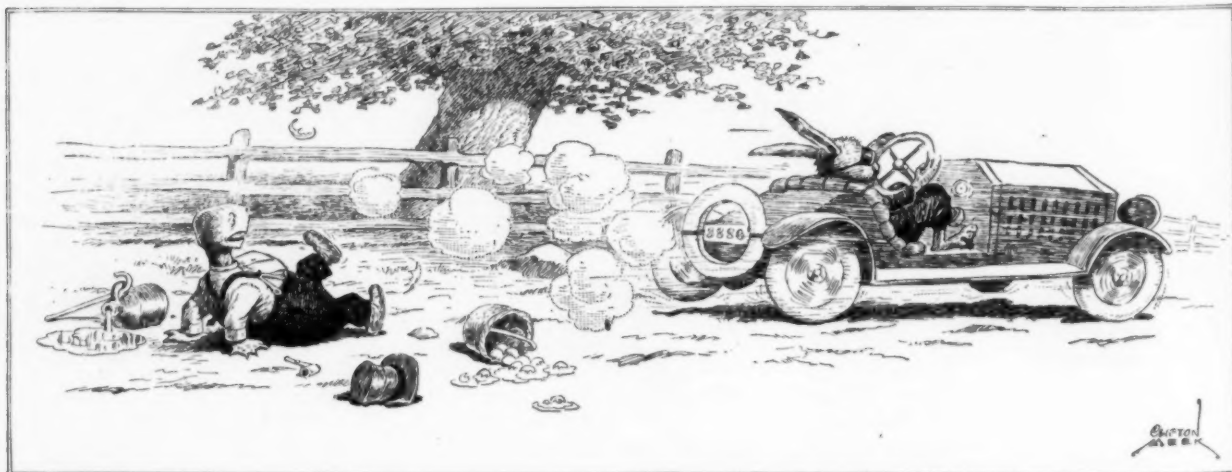
In this same article on "Inaccuracy," Mr. Belloc (unless he can "pass the buck" to the printer) is responsible for the following painful lapse from perfect English (the italics are my own): "And inaccuracy is the parent of that still older and still *more immutable* story about the Pyramids of Egypt."

As regards the "paternity" Mr. Belloc's accuracy is not to be questioned. Inaccuracy is assuredly the parent of "more immutable"; but, oh, the scandal of it!

It may, or may not, console Mr. Belloc to know that G. K. Chesterton in one of his novels once wrote, "He stood there more motionless than a mountain." Mr. Chesterton, however, makes no pretensions to being a finished performer on the "slack wire" of perfect English, neither, I hope, does Witter Bynner, who was caught the other day singing, "What is so nameless as Beauty?" But Mr. Bynner, so far from being a subject for blame, is only to be congratulated upon thus rubbing shoulders with the great, if only through a blunder.

Oliver Herford.

A PROFITEER is a man who would have you believe that the higher the price the less he makes.



"SAY! CONFOUND IT! HAVEN'T YOU ANY RESPECT FOR OLD AGE?"



THE TREASURER INSISTS ON THE PAYMENT OF CLUB DUES

Comparisons

THE grizzled financier settled back in his easy chair and abandoned himself to retrospection. His thoughts drifted back on reminiscent wings to a little cottage nestled among the hills, surrounded by fields, pastures and meadows. The cows were peacefully grazing along the hillside, and he could hear the tinkle of a sheep bell.

A smile flitted over the usually stern features. He was a boy again, picking potato bugs at five cents per thousand. On, on his fancy ran, and he saw himself laboriously pulling the weeds from among the anæmic potato vines. His nostrils were filled with the aroma of curing hay, and beneath the shimmering heat he saw row after row of newly made shocks, which meant sweat and aching muscles and, by the same token, a ravenous appetite and peaceful slumber.

He saw long rows of waving corn, up and down which he trudged, behind a squeaky cultivator, the song of the lark in his ears. He saw himself going about the usual run of chores, his merry whistle echoing up and down the wooded vale; milking the cows, feeding the calves, slopping the squeaking porkers and turning the horses into the north pasture.

The scene suddenly shifted, and he cast his mental vision down the long lane of years through which he had passed in his conquest of wealth. The strenuous, nerve-wrecking days; the long, sleepless nights; the endless contest of wits against wits; the meeting of ever-expanding overhead and the facing of unexpected conditions.

Arrayed before him were his prodigious factories, his spacious offices, his army of employees and his magnificent home in which he spent less than one-third of his time.

He shifted in his chair and, with a deep-drawn sigh, ejaculated, "Gad! But I'm a lucky dog!"

Harry J. Williams.



THE LESSER EVIL

"GWAN! STOP BAWLIN' WIF YOUR DINKY STUMMICK ACHE! WHERE'S YER GRATITUDE? EF IT WASN'T FER YER GOOD LUCK, Y' MIGHT HAVE A STUMMICK AS BIG AS THIS POOR GENTLEMAN HERE."

A Question

MAID, with your cheeks and chin
Deeply magenta;
Lips like the peppers in
Well-dressed Polenta;

Nose, white as any clown
Seen in the circus;
Smudged lashes fringing down
O'er your eyes' turkis;

Skirts nearly to your knee,
Sleeves to your shoulder;
Modes bold as bold can be,
Or a bit bolder;

Maid, from your shoe-heels, built
Slender and spool-like,
Up to your hat, a-tilt,
Perfectly fool-like,

Frankly I will admit
I think you're pretty;
With me you've made a hit—
I've made a ditty.

Only, sweet maid, this stray
Query I fling you:
What would A. Dobson say,
Had he to sing you?

Carolyn Wells.

"THERE'S NO USE IN ARGUING WITH A WOMAN"

Lambeth on Spiritism

ON the whole, the Lambeth conference was fairly polite to spiritism. It said in part:

While recognizing that the result of investigation encouraged many people to find spiritual meaning and purpose in human life, and led them to believe in survival after death, grave dangers are seen in the tendency to make a religion of spiritualism. The practice of spiritualism as a faith involves subordination of the intelligence and will to unknown forces or personalities, and to that extent is an abdication of self-control.

In so far as people believe that investigators of spiritism subordinate their intelligence and will to unknown forces, they distrust them. But that is a matter of degree and fact. All religion implies some subordination of the intelligence and will to unknown forces. Why else should prayerful people say their prayers? If it is believed of anyone that he goes to a medium and gets directions what to do, and is furnished with opinions on which he acts, people are apt to be wary in giving their confidence to that person. What one trusts in a man is character and intelligence. If spiritism develops, strengthens and benefits them, it does good. Religion is believed to do that very thing—to clarify intelligence, to strengthen and purify character. All that is good in spiritism is religion, and, like religion, it must be judged by its fruits. What people say of it and think of it who see merely the outside, amounts to nothing. By its fruits it must be judged. When the fruits are good there is something good behind them: when they are bad there is something bad behind them.

E. S. M.



DIPLOMACY

Hubby: REALLY, ETHEL, SEVENTY-FIVE FOR A HAT IS THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.
"WELL, MY DEAR, I SIMPLY HAVE TO LOOK NICE WHEN I'M WITH YOU. YOU'RE SO DISTINGUISHED LOOKING."



OF COURSE THE EFFICIENCY CRANKS' CHILDREN ALL NEEDED PUNISHMENT AT THE SAME TIME

Some Things His Mother Learns to Hide

THE cooky jar.

Emotion at the sight of cuts, bruises, black eyes, etc.

Her inclination to run up and down the beach and cluck when he is in the water.

Her best scissors.

Her ignorance of the minor technicalities of school athletics.

Her knowledge that he is fibbing.

Her fountain pen.

Manifestations of personal regard before witnesses.

Her impulse to telephone the police when he is more than half an hour late.

Any sign of amusement when he is on his dignity.

Her box of rubber bands.

Analyzing the Perfect Boob

HE always hesitates before entering a revolving door, and when he rides on an escalator he plants himself squarely in the middle, gripping both sides and blocking the path of all those who are in a hurry to get up. He steps off the escalator with the wrong foot. He never knows which direction is east and which is west, and he boasts that he is a poor judge of distances. He never learns slang expressions until long after their popularity has ceased (he is now much addicted to "You tell 'em, Oscar—I'm Wilde"), and he always fumbles with his change at ticket windows for so long that all the other persons waiting in line miss their trains.

He ends every letter with "Thanking you in advance," and he believes that communism has something to do with the War Camp Community Service. He always avails himself of special offers

(such as the sale at reduced rates of the Encyclopædia Britannica) the day after the offer closes, and whenever he sends in answers to magazine or newspaper prize contests, he forgets to include his name and address with the contribution.

He calls the ouija board the "oujee," and Lloyd George "Lord George," and considers that he is being excruciatingly funny when he mixes up familiar proverbs, like "It's a long lane that gathers no moss," or "A stitch in time is worth two in the bush." He never knows the date, and his watch is invariably wrong. He says that, so far as liquor is concerned, he can take it or leave it, but he is willing to risk arrest and fatal illness by buying twenty-proof, cow-cure whiskey for fifteen dollars a quart.

He prides himself on his ignorance of politics, and doesn't know the name of any member of the Supreme Court of the

United States. When he goes away from home, he always assumes that he has forgotten a number of important items, and in this assumption he is generally correct. When he attends a baseball game he thinks he can rattle the opposing pitcher by clapping.

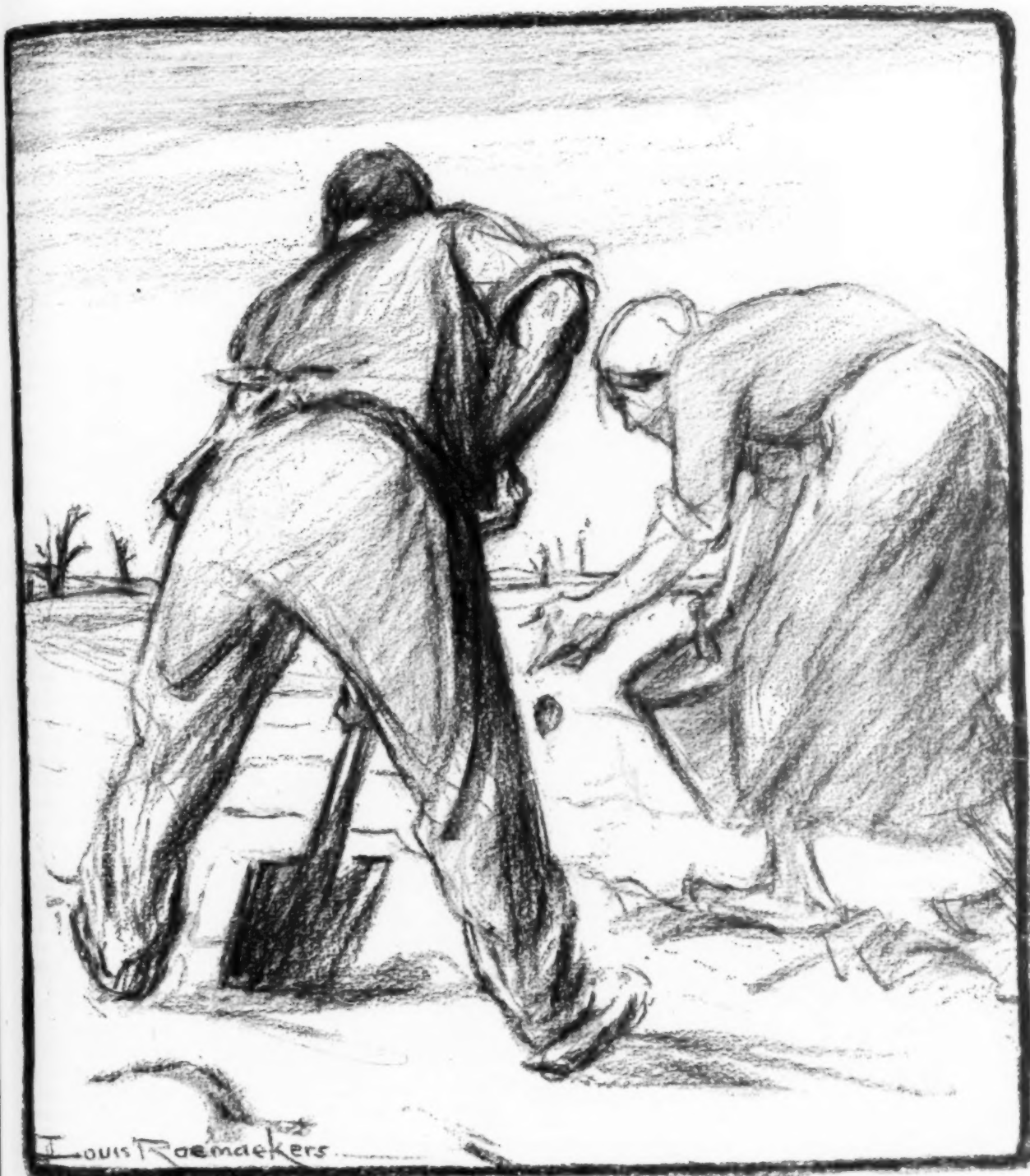
He uses antiquated time-tables, and he always consults the list of Sunday trains on week days, and makes no attempt to understand the arrangements resulting from daylight-saving time. He usually supplements "Good-by" with "I'll see you in church," and every drink that he imbibes is ushered in by the toast, "Well, here's to crime." He can never remember which is the bad one, Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde; or which is the tall one, Mutt or Jeff.

He doesn't believe anything he doesn't see, and he doesn't see very much.

R. E. S.



"IS THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IN?"
"WHO DO YE THINK YE ARE LOOKIN' AT?"



FRENCH "MILITARISM"
THE ONLY TRENCHES FRENCH PEOPLE REALLY CARE FOR

Wild Life in America

1—The Presidential Bee

THE Presidential Bee or *Apidae Praesidentialis*, is found in all parts of the United States and Ohio. Its chief characteristics are a continuous buzz and an ability to bite unlimited numbers of Democrats and Republicans without showing any ill effects.

While Congress has done much to put the Gypsy Moth, Seven-Year Locust and Jersey Mosquito under some form of Federal control, it seems utterly powerless to cope with the problem of the Presidential Bee. Under the Constitution, the Bee is forbidden to attack anyone under thirty-five years of age, but so long as it observes this simple rule, it has the run of the reservation.

Fortunately, the bite of the Presidential Bee, though frequently causing much suffering, is seldom fatal. Victims, when laid end to end, would reach from here to Washington, D. C., but that is said to be the only way most of them could ever expect to get there. Statisticians assert there are no more pitiful figures. Some have been known to linger on for months, even years, to the utter despair of the medical fraternity. A case is reported in Lincoln, Neb., where the victim has tried every known remedy, even the so-called Cabinet Cure, without success. This man has been a sufferer for years, and is believed beyond hope of recovery.

Oddly enough, the Presidential Bee has never been known to attack the female of the species. Its victims have always been numbered among the male or favorite-son contingent. One of the more recent

amendments to the Constitution, however, is expected to relieve this situation, as it grants the Presidential Bee the same privileges in the presence of ladies as it has so long enjoyed among the men.

During the biting season, which occurs every four years, outbreaks of the Presidential Bee may be expected anywhere. No one is ever quite safe, even in jail.



Old Neighbor: BLESS MY SOUL! IF THIS ISN'T LITTLE WILLIE HOLMES! I'D KNOW YOU IN A MINUTE—YOU LOOK MORE LIKE YOUR MOTHER EVERY DAY

Much, however, can be done to protect the public by segregation. This year all fully developed cases of Presidential Bee bite are being confined in Ohio for observation. But this is only temporary. Any case not completely recovered by Election night will be transferred to Washington, where the incurables are finally kept.

Foster Ware.

Bedtime Stories

GALILEO was informed that a delegation of prominent citizens waited without. Hastily buttoning on his collar, he ambled dignifiedly into the bandstand on his front porch and rested his solar-plexus on the rail.

"Gentlemen, fellow citizens and friends,"

he began, but was interrupted by a coarse fellow in the crowd and forced to bring his oration to a stop.

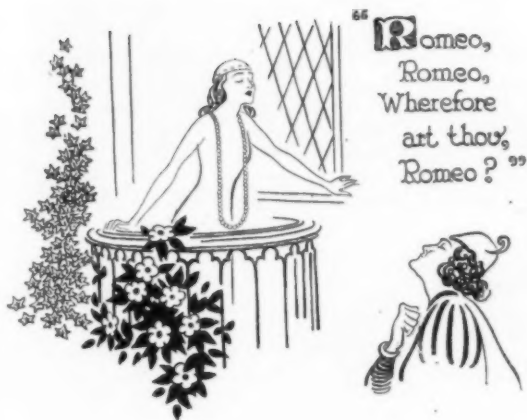
"You," said the raucous voice, "have made a joke out of us by saying the earth goes round the sun. We want a return to normalcy. We want a retraction."

"Ah, yes," answered the philosopher. "Well, turn to our readjustment of the solar system and proceed deliberately and reflectively to that hoped-for world relation which shall satisfy both conscience and aspiration and still hold us free from menacing involvements. Approach the nations of Europe and the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, Mexico included, to peace and international justice, still leaving Andorra and Monte Carlo free, independent and self-reliant."

"Herbert," he added in an undertone to his secretary during the twenty-nine minutes of cheering which spontaneously burst forth, "telephone Will Hays to be more careful whom he sends on here."

George Martin.

WHETHER circumstances make one bitter or better depends entirely upon the I.



"**R**omeo,
Romeo,
Wherefore
art thou,
Romeo?"



JAX
Defies
the
Lightning

Hero awaits Leander



"**Y**ou may
fire when you are ready, Gridley"



"**M**-er - America - ah -
America - "ands forth

ILLUSTRATION
HOOVER
H.W. 1940

Famous Front Porches



SEPTEMBER 30, 1920

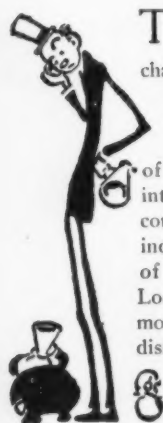
"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 76, No. 1978

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON, *Vice-President*
 LE ROY MILLER, *Treasurer*
 GEORGE D'UTASSY, *Secretary*

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THE Maine majority was very serious for the Republicans. It changed the betting odds. It cost more after it to bet that Harding would win. Stocks went up too. An increased number of people thought with increased intensity that he would win. Of course that would be very serious indeed for the Republicans. Think of Harding as President, and Lodge, Penrose and Smoot as his most trusted counselors! It's quite disturbing, isn't it? How many, many Republicans quake at it—*must* quake at it!

There is a great deal to sustain the suggestion that true well-wishers of the Democrats are praying that the Republicans may win this fall. If they do, they will come in for very difficult jobs indeed. Everything for which they have blamed the Democrats, they will have to try to cure, and they will find, of course, that most of the troubles they have ascribed to Democratic incompetence are really due to the war.

Europe suffers from the war and blames America. America suffers from the war and blames Wilson and the Democratic administration. If the Republicans get in, they will discover where the blame should really be put.

Variety is the spice of life, and one would love to switch next year from Democrats to Republicans, if it were not for the League. Supporters of Harding who want the League have based their faith that they will get it after the Republican victory, on absolute rejection of almost all that Harding has said about it. These persons say in effect, "Our candidate, when he discusses the League, is talking through his hat. You mustn't mind that, nor indeed mind anything he says on any subject. He is a nice man,

and if we can elect him, we will see that nothing is done that you won't like."

If they go much beyond that naïve and ingratiating disclosure, and assign to Mr. Harding any real convictions on any political question now agitated, they run up against violent dissent in their own political family which must on no account be permitted to intrude at the polls. There never was a more amusing political situation. The one thing that the Republicans agree on is: Turn those Wilson people out!



BY the time this issue of LIFE appears, Mr. Root will be back, and the news he brings about the League may be interesting, and the suggestions he makes about getting us into it may be valuable. Perhaps when we hear them there may be some shifting of opinion about the League itself and whom to vote for to help it. The vote in Maine was interesting, but it did not settle the national election. The explanation of the big Republican majority given by Democratic authorities is that the Republicans worked hard and spent money to get out their vote, whereas the Democrats did neither.

Between now and Election Day there is likely to be much shifting of sentiment back and forth. The minds of men have been engaged in immense adventures, and are bored now with ordinary politics. In each party there is a large group that can only bear for a few days at a time the thought of their own side winning. There are Democrats to whom the supposed influence of Tammany, the Taggarts and the Democracy of Chicago with Governor Cox is extremely repulsive. When

they are told that these influences procured the shift from Cummings to White as Democratic manager, it makes them want to vote for Harding. *Per contra*, there are a great many Republicans to whom control of their candidate and policies by Lodge, Penrose and Smoot is so repellant that they want to vote for Cox, and may do it.

About the League there is not really a difference of conviction that is widely felt. Hearst, Johnson, Borah and their Adullamite following are really against the League on any terms, but between the mass of the Democrats and the mass of the Republicans there have never been League differences that could not have been easily composed if taken in time and dealt with with healing intentions. If the Republicans are going to win, let us hope they will win very big. What the country needs is neither Democratic Government nor Republican Government, but Responsible Government. We want somebody in charge that will be able to take care of that Treaty. The trouble about the Treaty has been that there was power enough on both sides to hold it up, and not power enough on either side to pass it. If Senator Lodge, who beat the Treaty in the Senate, could have become the head of the government when the Treaty failed and Mr. Wilson broke down, no doubt he would have got right to work to pass the Treaty with the fewest amendments possible. When so many Republicans of the best sort throw Harding's speeches out the window and say that the Treaty will be passed and the League of Nations accented if Harding is elected, they are simply arguing from what they regard as a basis of fact. It is a grief to some supporters of LIFE that it has seemed to back Mr. Cox. But what else was there to do? A committed Republican who wanted the League, might back Harding in spite of his flouting it.



Both: STOP, THIEF!

An independent paper that wants the League but is not tied to either candidate, must favor the one who thinks well of the League and wants to join it, rather than the one who began by speaking ill of it and promised not to join it, and still continues to put out daily contradictions of himself on that subject. LIFE is not unduly concerned whether Democrats or Republicans win the election, but it cares very much to have everything done that can be done to help maintain and certify the peace of the world.



SOMEBODY named Princess Katherine Radziwill, described as a Russian and lately an inhabitant of New York, contributes to one of the Hearst papers the remark: "There is hardly a husband in New York who is faithful to his marriage vows."

Well, well; what dreadful nonsense

does go in a Hearst paper! The most advertised husbands in New York are the movie actors, and it is quite true that they are not all models of marital constancy. Conspicuousness of position and great wealth, such as successful movie actors enjoy, seem not to be favorable to domestic life. Douglas and Mary changed partners only a few months ago, and were shown on the screen to repletion and more in the midst of the amenities of their new relation. Now the Charlie Chaplins are trying to get apart. One reads in the paper that Marcus Garvey, of the *Negro World*, called the "king of Africa," would like to have his marriage to Amy Garvey annulled. Perhaps cases like this have influenced Madame Radziwill to her extraordinary opinion. So far as New York is concerned, somebody should explain to her that it is full of people who are detached in one way or another from most of the character that their forebears had, if they had any. It is full of people who live a good deal like the birds in the trees and the cats in the streets, and behave as nearly like them as is convenient. Their

moralties, or immoralities, are not very important, and even an enormous advertisement does not make them so. Some of the idle-rich people also are somewhat curiously changeable in their alliances, but that is only a part of the "mischief still" that Satan finds for idle hands to do. But even in New York there are millions of reputable people, both plain and decorative, and the idea that they are not reputable in their private lives and constant in their attachments is mere bosh. Marital infidelity is too expensive, for one thing, to be popular, and for another it is disastrous both to happiness and to reputation. We all know that. But slanderers, laughed at at home, may be believed abroad, especially when the movies, those marvelous agents of publicity, seem to sustain them.

Divorce, however, is likely to be worse before it is better. Lack of house-room and overcrowding is very bad for domestic life and morals. Newly-weds need homes of their own detached from relatives, and when they must live with parents, it makes their adventure a good deal more perilous.



IT is disclosed in the paper that Westminster Abbey is in bad repair, and there is a call out for a million and a quarter dollars for a repair fund. Money will be accepted even from the United States. To keep up Westminster Abbey, or any other abbey or cathedral church in England, is an excellent investment for American loose change. These old churches in Great Britain are as much behind that part of the population of the United States which is of British descent as they are behind the British at home. Nobody much came to this hemisphere from the British Isles before the seventeenth century, and in the seventeenth century the English cathedrals and abbeys were already old churches. Physically they belong to England; spiritually they belong to anybody that derives from England. Americans of English descent may well help to keep them standing and in repair, if only for the sake of their own descendants. Nothing is so interesting to American travellers, not even Montmartre, as the English cathedrals. When the hat is passed for Westminster Abbey, drop something substantial into it, not at all as charity, but as an investment and an inherited duty.



Seventy Thousand Votes. Will



es. Will They Be Counted?



Concealed Weapons

THERE is a law compelling manufacturers to state on their packages the ingredients of the products contained therein. If, for instance, a bottle of lemon extract contains eighty per cent. alcohol, this percentage must be so stated on the label, so that customers will be able to make an intelligent choice between it and a bottle, let us say, of ginger-ale.

It is high time that the same rule was applied to theatrical performances containing propaganda. If an author has a big message to bring before the public, he has a perfect right to dress it up as a play, but he ought to be made to state in electric lights out in front of the theatre that "this entertainment contains seventy per cent. propaganda, twenty per cent. scenery and ten per cent. dramatic ingredients."



FOR instance, you buy a ticket to a play called "Poldekin." (Somebody bought a ticket, and it might just as well have been you.) It is by Booth Tarkington, and George Arliss is starred in it, surely a combination justifying an initial outlay of almost any price. From the name of the play it might be a Barrie-like fantasy about Poldekin, the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, or Poldekin, Blinken and Nod.

And what do you get? George Arliss, it is true, is cast in a part which might be *Peter Pan* at the age of forty-five, flying about from table to chair, shaking a true-blue-bell of one-hundred-per-cent. Americanism here, scattering petals of *laissez-faire* there, and, in the end, sitting up in the branches on a tree-top, misquoting the preamble of the Constitution to the fireflies. But with Mr. Arliss the gossamer touch is lifted, and is replaced by the front paw of a waltzing elephant.

The message of "Poldekin" is that Bolshevism shall not pass. Out of the mouths of the Bolsheviks themselves Mr. Tarkington seeks to discredit them in the very first act of his play. He makes them say everything that a Bolshevik is supposed to say, except that they have no use for soap, and this satire was probably incorporated in some of the Russian sentences spoken early in the scene. It really belongs in "Poldekin" somewhere.

But the point is not that the play will probably make more converts to Bolshevism than to Americanism. The chief complaint from this quarter is that the average American is secure enough in his loyalty to America to resent the use of propaganda brass-knuckles inside an ostensibly friendly boxing-glove. He wants to see the George Arliss of "Disraeli" and hear the Booth Tarkington of "Clarence," and when he feels that he needs to have his loyalty bolstered up, he will send to the National Security League for a bundle of pamphlets. At the

theatre he has a right to expect, first of all, something interesting. Which is probably the reason why "Poldekin" is shortly to be withdrawn.



AGAIN, in the title "Welcome, Stranger" there is no clew to the innocent theatregoer that he is about to be mentally massaged. He sees nothing in the pictures in the lobby to indicate that he is going to have his prejudice extracted. And yet before the first act is well under way he finds that it is candy-covered propaganda in behalf of the Jewish race that he is listening to, with now and then a little pill of Christian Science in a glass of water.

The redeeming feature of "Welcome, Stranger" is that, propaganda aside, it is more interesting as a play than "Poldekin." Not so much as a play, either, but as a vehicle for George Sidney, who, as the little, fat Jewish storekeeper who overcomes the prejudice of a small New England town, is a remarkably appealing figure. Thanks to his delicacy, there are several thrilling rescues in which the play is kept from being very cheap indeed. And once or twice even Mr. Sidney fails to save it. One wishes that Montague Glass could have had a hand in the dialogue, both for the sake of laughter and good taste.

"Welcome, Stranger" is a Jewish version of "The Fortune Hunter," "Turn to the Right" and several other successes in which all the bucolic population appears in the last act wearing klever-kut dress-suits to show what the hero has done for the town. Were it not for the nature of the play, it might be referred to as "ham." But, by means of it, Mr. Sidney steps up on the platform with Holbrook Blinn, Ernest Truex and O. P. Heggie as the creator of one of the season's notable characters.

A. B. WALKER



TAKE NO CHANCES

Eminent Physician: AS WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE FASHIONS MAY BE WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER GROWS UP, I THINK IT WISE TO VACCINATE HER ON THE TONGUE

ALTHOUGH "Little Old New York" is not propaganda in disguise, certainly its title carries no suggestion of Irish dialect hidden away in its folds. If you go to a play called "Macushla" or "Paddy the Next Best Thing," you have no one but yourself to blame if, in the first act, a colleen comes romping on and says: "Sure and I haven't sat down to rest the feet of me this whole blissid marnin', at all-at all."

But "Little Old New York" begins with a scene in which a young gentleman, in the costume of 1810, is heard introducing other young bloods of his acquaintance as follows: "I want you to meet my friend Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. John Jacob Astor. And this is another of my friends, Mr. Washington Irving, and Mr. Henry Brevort." One rather suspects at first that the scene is going to turn out to be laid in an institution, and that shortly someone will enter who will introduce himself as the Czar of Russia or Joseph of Aramathea. But no. It seems that all these personages played around together when they were boys in 1810 (except Mr. John Jacob Astor, who was older and who spoke with an alternating Irish and German accent), and Rida Johnson Young has taken them and woven them into "Little Old New York," together with Peter Delmonico, who brings in a basket of sandwiches for the prize-fight.

Imagine your dismay then, when you hear off-stage the familiar sound of the howling Irish colleen. And to make it doubly appalling, this colleen is dressed up as a boy. I can think of no more depressing combination in our theatre today than an Irish colleen dressed up as a boy.

So much the greater is the credit due, then, to Miss Genevieve Tobin, who overcomes her lack of facility in dialect and the lack of illusion always attendant on a girl's masquerading as a boy and makes

the part the most charming of the season so far. In fact, while you are there under her ingenious spell, you think that "Little Old New York" is one of the most agreeable plays you have ever seen. This mental illusion is helped along by Ernest Glendinning, who plays the gaming young wastrel with the distinguished list of friends, and Donald Meek, who has a very small and commonplace part which he succeeds in turning into what is known in politics as a "personal victory."

After seeing Miss Tobin make *Patricia O'Day* a delightful young thing, I think that she could render even a Chinese ingenu part attractive. If I knew of higher praise I would deliver it.



IN less time than it takes to tell it and get it set up in type, Thomas Dixon's "A Man of the People" has come and gone. It was the second in the cycle of Lincoln plays, and its reception probably indicates that there will henceforth be only one in the cycle: the Drinkwater epic, "Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Dixon's writing a play about Lincoln was somewhat incongruous, as the Great Emancipator could hardly be said to embody Mr. Dixon's *beau ideal* on the Negro question, and one might well have expected the playwright to have given his leading character an impressive speech of which the burden would be: "Would yo' want yo' sister to marry one, suh?"

But, as a matter of fact, "A Man of the People" was a legitimate and rather dramatic portrayal of a little-known incident in Lincoln's political career, and its failure in New York may be laid solely to the fact that New York had just seen the Drinkwater play.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Belasco.—"One." Notice later.

Belmont.—"Little Miss Charity." A pleasantly innocuous musical comedy.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." Young men in a gentlemanly invasion of a girls' school.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." O. P. Heggie and a cockney cast dropping "h's" with hilarious effect.

Broadhurst.—"The Guest of Honor." Notice later.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Delightful music by Efrem Zimbalist, which makes up for the rest.

Central.—"Poor Little Ritz Girl." Some pretty music and lots of pretty good jokes. Everyone likes it but us.

Century Roof.—Physical feasting at regular feasting prices, and at 8:30 and 11:30 feasting for the eye (extra).

George M. Cohan's.—"Genius and the Crowd." A good enough play from anyone but Mr. Cohan. About his worst.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome, Stranger." Reviewed in this issue.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." Holbrook

Blinn as a delightful bandit making the Mexican border attractive. *Note to lady patrons:* Several very loud shootings.

Cort.—"Jim Jam Jems." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." Don't go with anyone to whom you are not married, and even then it depends on the kind of person you are married to.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." A clever cast, wearing good clothes and speaking the same old stuff.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Opportunity." Showing the effect of Wall Street and vampires on a business-man's constitution.

Frasce.—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin acting a highly emotional part so magnificently that you forget the play, which is just as well.

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." A farce which will be remembered because of Roland Young.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." As much a Broadway comedy fixture as the Astor bar.

Garrick.—"Enter, Madame." A comedy deserving of the best acting, and getting it.

Globe.—"The Scandals of 1920." It all depends on whether or not you like Anne Pennington.

Henry Miller.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." The last weeks of this successful satire, in which Henry Miller and Blanche Bates are starred.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." You really ought to take the children. Not that you care anything about going yourself, of course.

Hudson.—"Crooked Gamblers." The curb market in action, along with human nature and other stage properties.

Knickerbocker.—"The Sweetheart Shop." Tuneful and flushed with Chicago success.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat." Distinctive and familiar music, with popular comedy furnished by Ada Lewis and John Hazzard.

Little.—"Marry the Poor Girl." Notice later.

Longacre.—"Pitter Patter." Notice later.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a comedy of chorus-girl life, now in its second season.

Marine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." Jealousy, hate, love, stamping, snarling and kissing, with paprika and castanets to taste.

Morosco.—"The Bat." Murder mystery in the first degree.

New Amsterdam.—Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1920." A great deal to look at, and, once in a while, some very funny things to hear.

Nora Bayes.—"Don't Tell." Notice later.

Park.—"Poldekin." Reviewed in this issue.

Playhouse.—"Anna Ascends." Notice later.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Reviewed in this issue.

Princess.—"Blue Bonnet." Ernest Truex as a cow-puncher who never punched a cow, creating an amusing and an appealing character. Not much of a play, but we can't have everything.

Punch and Judy.—"Merchants of Venus." Notice later.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." Hoppy-Go-Lucky, or the Opium-Smoker's Reward.

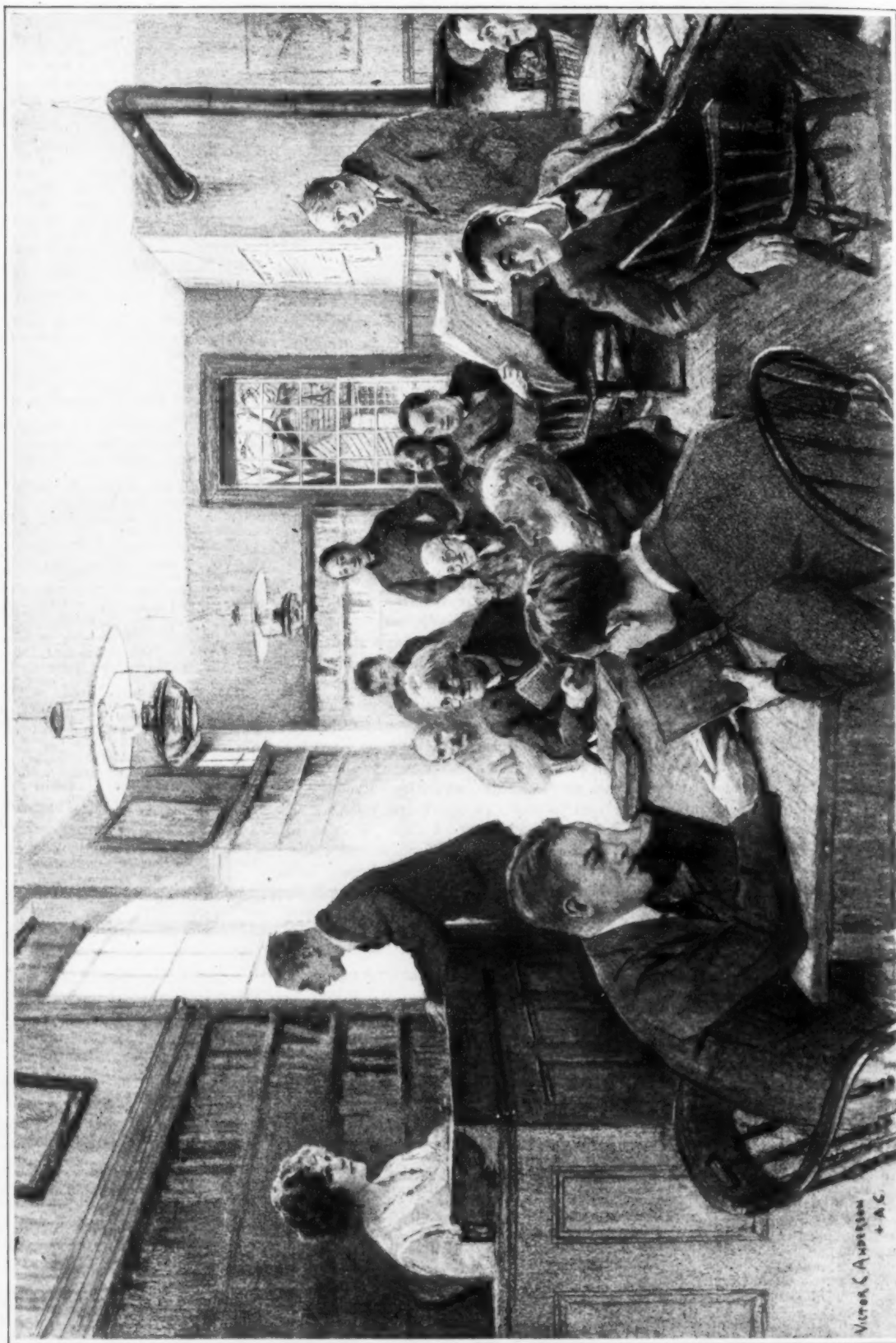
Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." Frank Tinney, surrounded by an intelligent company and some pretty music.

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Follies." A beautifully staged revue, with expensive features and much inexpensive comedy.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Paddy the Next Best Thing." One of the reasons why Ireland is oppressed.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." Notice later.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Dainty musical comedy making an extremely robust record. *Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.*—Eating, dancing, and falling by the Dooleys.



News Item—HICKSVILLE CENTER HAS A NEW LIBRARIAN

Come and Join Our Party!

It Isn't Quite What We Hoped For, But Then—

Our weekly blurb (including synopsis of previous chapters). Three weeks ago the great Kickers' Party was formed, its object being to save America from itself. Beverly Binks, the greatest stump orator in the world, was engaged to undertake the campaign. Last week our platform was started. What has happened since is contained in the absorbing account that follows.

ALL is now over. But we anticipate it will be recalled that the last message received from Beverly Binks, our stump orator, was a request for instructions about Mexico. We replied ordering him not to commit himself.

Well, we thought it over, and concluded that we would better go slow about Mexico. We don't know too much about it, anyway. Mexico has a lot of oil and other valuables concealed about its person. We don't like the way it has killed off some of our people.

Our first thought was to instruct Beverly Binks to go in and grab it. Then we began thinking about another war, and what we stood for—justice for all, etc.—and we made up our minds that we'd better go slow.

We wired Beverly to come home. He came at once, and we had a conference. He reports as follows:

"The fact is that everybody kicks at the way things are being run, but when it is put up to them they refuse to do anything. Take Congress, for instance. They all admit that Congress is bad enough, that it is composed of a lot of stupid people who spend outrageous sums which the plain people have to pay out of their pockets. But then, what are you going to do about it? As a man said to me the other day, 'I've been kicking all my life about our government, and when I heard you were forming a Kickers' Party I ran to join. Congress may be pretty bad, but I haven't time to go down there myself and straighten things out, and maybe we'd better leave 'em alone.'"

"Everywhere I went the people felt the same. They liked to hear me denounce things for a while, and then they refused to back me up."

That was about the sum and substance of Beverly Binks's report. We have therefore changed the name from Kickers' Party to Do Nothing Party.

Platform of Our New Do Nothing Party

(Strictly up to date)

Jazz, and the world jazzes with you.

All breakfast foods are to contain at least one-half of one per cent. real nourishment.

Get your opinions from the headlines.

Go to the movies four times a week.

When Washington is mentioned, shake your head dolefully, but pass the buck.

If your taxes are higher than you think they should be, if your literature is worse than you think it should be, if the indecency of certain things oppresses you, if the delays of the law irritate you, describe your feelings brightly, wittily and patriotically—and forget it.

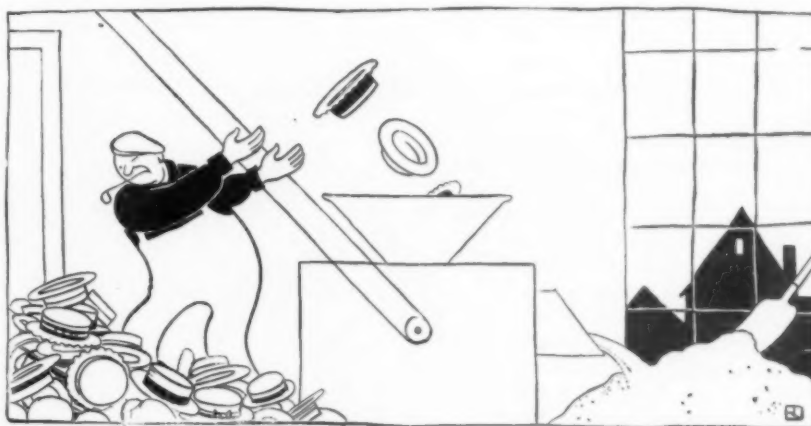
Be a do-nothing.

It is the only party that always wins.



"EVERYWHERE I WENT—"

Our platform—herewith appended—is the result of years of experience in politics. It dates back to Adam. It is as follows:



ALL BREAKFAST FOODS ARE TO CONTAIN AT LEAST ONE-HALF OF ONE PER CENT. REAL NOURISHMENT



Departing Guest: BUT, MY DEAR ISABEL, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU OBJECT TO THE WAITER. I ADMIT HE WAS SLOW, AND HE SPILLED SOUP ON US AND SPOKE RUDELY AND OVERCHARGED US, BUT NOWADAYS ONE CAN'T EXPECT EVERYTHING

Our Anxious Prodigality

THE old idea that a man enjoys something when he gets it for nothing has, like Nora in "The Doll's House," lived most of its years on a lie. Nowadays, of course, it has lost its meaning entirely, because a man can no longer get anything for nothing—no matter what his particular pleasure-complex may be. I have always maintained, together with Barnum and Mr. Keith and the head waiter at Delmonico's, that the more a man—particularly a New Yorker—pays for what he gets, the more he appreciates it. A man who pays ten dollars to a ticket broker generally likes the show better than the theatre critic who gets in for nothing.

This human trait goes back to the days of Jacob and Esau. I have no doubt Esau appreciated the steaming succulence of his



Binks: KEEP IT UP, M'RIA—THERE WASN'T A BREATH OF WIND UNTIL YOU STARTED IN

mess of pottage after paying that miserable profiteer, his brother, his little grocery bill for lentils. Herod enjoyed Salome's dancing tremendously when he thought it was going to cost him a few peacocks and provinces, but when she only charged him one Baptist's head for it, he changed his mind. I feel morally certain that a magnate paying two thousand for a Louis XIV stateroom on the Imperator appreciates what he gets far more than Shem, Ham and Japhet did their bridal suites on Noah's ark.

The more you pay for what you get, the more you enjoy it.

Frankly, is it not a peculiar perversion? Why is it that we cannot enjoy a President without paying several million dollars in campaign funds to have him delivered at the White House?

The Old Hokum Buncombe

HOW dear to my heart are the grand politicians
 Who constantly strive for the popular votes,
 Indulging in platitudes, trite repetitions,
 And time-honored bromides surrounded with quotes;
 Though equally verbose opponents assail them
 With bitter invective, they never can quell
 The force of the buncombe, which never will fail them—
 The old hokum buncombe we all know so well.
The old hokum buncombe,
The iron-clad buncombe,
The moss-covered buncombe we all know so well.

They aim to make friends of the laboring classes—
 The trust of the people is sacred with them—
 They swear that they're slaves to the will of the masses,
 They hem and they haw, and they haw and they hem;
 They rave with a vehemence almost terrific,
 There isn't a doubt which they cannot dispel,
 They revel in orgies of hope beatific—
 And serve us the buncombe we all know so well.
The old hokum buncombe,
The iron-clad buncombe,
The moss-covered buncombe we all know so well.

Their torrents of words are a sure paregoric
 For all of the ills to which mankind is prey.
 They pose as a Hamlet lamenting the Yorick
 Who typifies that which their rivals betray.
 They picture perfection in every effusion;
 We gaze at Utopia under their spell,
 And though it is only an optic illusion—
 We fall for the buncombe we all know so well.
The old hokum buncombe,
The iron-clad buncombe,
The moss-covered buncombe we all love so well.

R. E. Sherwood.

Efficient Service

WEST: I understand the government investigation committee found a great waste in some of the departments.

NORTH: Yes; some places there were only two men on a job where there was room for five!



"GOOD MORNING, SIR. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN ONE OF OUR ACCIDENT POLICIES?"



"GEE, BILL! BUT I'M GLAD THEY BLEW THE DINNER HORN JUST THEN!"

Industrial Problems

IF four carpenters at eight dollars per day per man do half as much work as two carpenters used to do at four dollars per day, how much will eight carpenters at sixteen dollars per day do?

If a garment worker charges twice as much as he should for making a suit of clothes, and the manufacturer takes a one-hundred-per-cent. profit on labor as well as on material, and the wholesaler and retailer split another hundred per cent. profit, what will be the cost of the suit to the ultimate consumer?

If a bricklayer charges twenty dollars for an eight-hour day, during which he performs four hours of actual labor, how long will it take him to build a six-room bungalow, and what will be the loss to the owner if he sells the house at double its actual valuation?

If a landlord meets a quarterly ten-per-cent. increase of expenses with a fifty-per-cent. raise in rentals, how many quarters must elapse before his tenants are compelled to move, and where will they go?

What It Did

WILLIS: Did the war do anything for you?

GILLIS: Sure did. It taught me to save peach-stones, tin-foil, newspapers and all kinds of junk. In fact, I can now save anything except money.

Revolt

I HAD been to the Metropolitan Museum, looking at beautiful things and rejoicing in them.

And then I had to catch a train and go far into the country.

And as the light lessened and the brooding hour set in, I looked out of the window and reconstructed some of the lovely things I had seen—the sculptures and the paintings, the jewels and the porcelain: all the fine flowers of the arts through the ages.

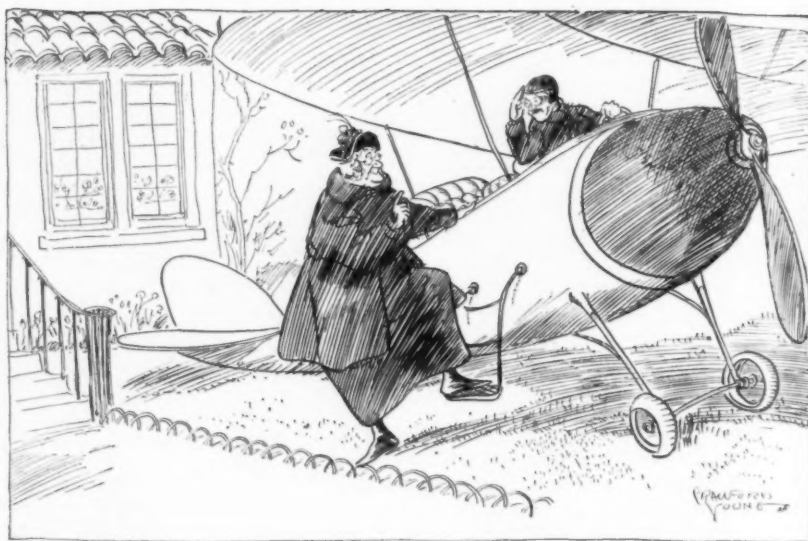
It seemed marvelous beyond understanding that such perfection could exist, and I thought how wonderful it must be to be God and see His creatures rising now and again to such heights.

And then I came to my station, from which, owing to a misunderstanding, there could be no means of getting away for two hours, and I went to an inn for a meal.

It was a dirty, neglected place, with a sullen, unwashed man at the door, who called raspily to his wife within.

And when she came she was a slattern, with dishevelled hair and a soiled dress and apron, and she looked miserable and worn out.

She prepared a meal which I could not eat, and when I went to pay for it I found her sitting dejectedly in a chair, looking



Grandma: NOW, DON'T LOOP ME THIS MORNING, JAMES. YOU KNOW IT MAKES ME GIDDY

with a kind of dumb despair at the day's washing-up, still to do.

And as I walked up and down the road waiting for the car, I thought of this woman's earlier life when she was happy.

I thought of her in her courtship, when her husband loved her and they looked forward to marriage and he was tender and she was blithe.

They probably went to Coney Island together and laughed with the rest.

And it seemed iniquitous that such changes should come about and that merry girls should grow into sluts and slovens, and ardent young husbands should degenerate into unkempt bullies, and houses meant for happiness should decay, and marriage promises all be forgotten.

And I felt that if the world could not be better managed than that, I never wanted to see any of God's artistic darlings at the top of their form again, and the Metropolitan Museum could go hang.

E. V. Lucas.

In Reserve

NOW, wrath I deem a righteous thing,
If it be held in full reserve
Some cause of man's enlightening
In peril of defeat to serve.

To hurl a bolt in peevish haste
Because of some minute mischance
Is but a bit of power to waste
Upon mere insignificance.

Wherefore my temper I control
Till evils great my wrath compel.
And then with all my heart and soul
I give 'em hell!

H. W. D.



CHARITY

WAIT A MINUTE, GLADYS—THEY SAY YOU'LL HAVE GOOD LUCK IF YOU GIVE SOMETHING TO A BLIND MAN

"HOW did Dasher's home-brew recipe work out?"

"The stuff wasn't fit to drink, but he sold the recipe to the government as a high-explosive formula."



Hopes



Rhymed Reviews

"Shakespeare" Identified

(By J. Thomas Looney. Frederick A. Stokes Company)

STAY, Reader, stay! and listen here
Before you take your journey bed-ward,
For I was "Oxford's famed De Vere,"
Her Earl (the Seventeenth), named Edward.

In Gloriana's gorgeous age
In joyous joust I couched and brake-
spear;
I patronized the British stage
And wrote the plays of "William
Shakespeare"!

The Sonnets bare the soul of me,
And all that's any good in Lyly
Is also mine; for I am he
Whom Spenser calls, "Our pleasant
Willie."

A royal ward, constrained and penned
In court, my life was blighted early
By one who should have been my friend—
My dad-in-law, the great Lord Bur-
leigh.

For reasons not precisely sure
(But faults I had, and fears and quar-
rels),
I made the stupid Stratford boor
Who yet retains them, wear my laurels.

That mocker, Jonson, praised the lout!
Bad Ben! for while, perchance, I bound
him
To guard the facts from leaking out.
He kept his word too well, confound
him!

Alas! a sorry joke I played
Upon myself, alone, in masking!
For still I see the Player's shade
In all my rightful glory basking.

Yet 'I was Bertram, naughty youth,
And princely Hamlet, sad and moony;
So if you want to learn the Truth,
'Tis all worked out by Mr. Looney.

Arthur Guiterman.

**MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS
EUGENIE**, edited by Comte Fleury.
(D. Appleton & Co.) These two volumes
were withheld until Eugenie's death, by
her wish. Where the permanent impor-
tance of a book is beyond question, as in
the case of these reminiscences of the
widow of Napoleon III, the chief curi-
osity is: "How far will the book appeal
to average tastes?" Well, in this in-
stance, the appeal is not more than mod-
erate. For Eugenie had no startling dis-
closures to make—or, at least, made none.
And for all her womanliness she had be-
come semi-legendary to those of us not
past the half-century mark, just as Eng-
land's Victoria has become very dim in a
few brief years. Of the two, Victoria
has the advantage of denoting a Period
and being revived by Mr. H. G. Wells;
but Eugenie's lost figure was the more
fascinating, the more feminine, cloaked in
a tissue of tragedy and bereavement, and
lighted by the flickering flares of stern
condemnation and unyielding devotion.

Her story, set down by Comte Fleury, is
always clear, sometimes naïve and
throughout touching. She lived, she loved,
she suffered; and the pathos of her is not
merely the pathos of distance. After all,
it's not her story that counts half so
much as what you bring to the reading
of it!

The Eve of Pascua and Other Stories,
by Richard Dehan. (George H. Doran
Company.) "Richard Dehan" is an Eng-
lish writer and a woman. The devout
Roman Catholicism so in evidence in her
novel of a year or two ago, *That Which
Hath Wings*, does not enter into these
tales. The title-story, a novelette of an
Easter eve in Spain, is tragic melodrama,
using a religious motif. This is followed
by fifteen short stories of amazing varie-
ty. One has to do with a hunt for tur-
quoises on the Sinaitic peninsula, several
are legend tales of mediæval France
(and these are the best; full of charm
and humor). Other yarns are modern-

(Continued on page 597)

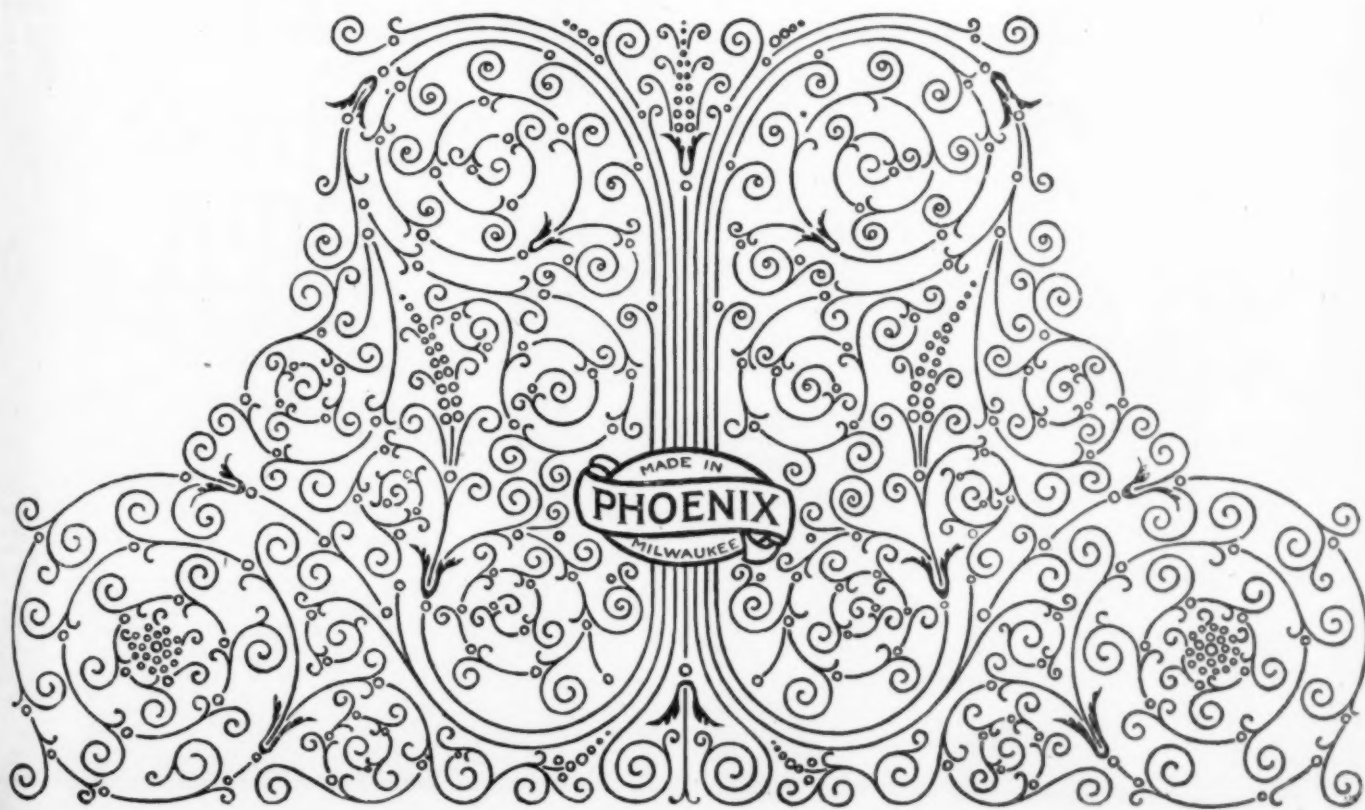


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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Consolation

Of all the fools upon this earth,
I think that few were fools at birth,
But fell to fooldom's ways as slaves
Of a more foolish folk called knaves.

—New York Evening Sun.

A Chance Acquaintance

One look the prize-ring beginner cast at
the husky pug who was slated to oppose
him. Then he advanced to the center of
the roped arena, his hand outstretched.

"Well," he said cordially, "if I don't see
you again, Hello."

—American Legion Weekly.

Unappreciated Compliment

"You don't seem to enjoy being referred
to as a good loser."

"No," replied Cactus Joe. "In the
course of time a good loser comes to be
regarded merely as a poor performer."

—Washington Star.



"AW, MA, IT DON'T SEEM FAIR TO MAKE ME
BRUSH MY TEETH JUST BEFORE I GO TO THE
DENTIST TO HAVE SOME PULLED!"

How He Gained Confidence

Purd Long went to Missouri in an early
day, established a bank, and made a lot of
money. He is now counted among the
state's richest citizens. Asked by a friend
how he ever had the nerve to start a bank
in such a backwoods country as he located
in, he replied: "Well, sir, I just rented a
room, stuck up a sign, 'Bank,' and waited
for results. The very first day a man came
along and deposited one hundred dollars.
The second day another man dropped in
and left five hundred dollars. Another man
put in three hundred dollars, and blamed if
I didn't get some confidence in the thing
and put in five hundred dollars of my own
money!"—New York Evening Post.

The Plutocrats

WORKING MAN (with week's pay): "Ow
much d'yer want this week, Liz?"

HIS WIFE: Lawks! Give us a chance,
'Arry. I ain't near got rid o' last week's
yet!—London Opinion.

How times change! In 1896 Bryan was
running for President and Cox was a re-
porter; in 1920 Cox is running for Presi-
dent and Bryan is a reporter.

—Columbus Dispatch.

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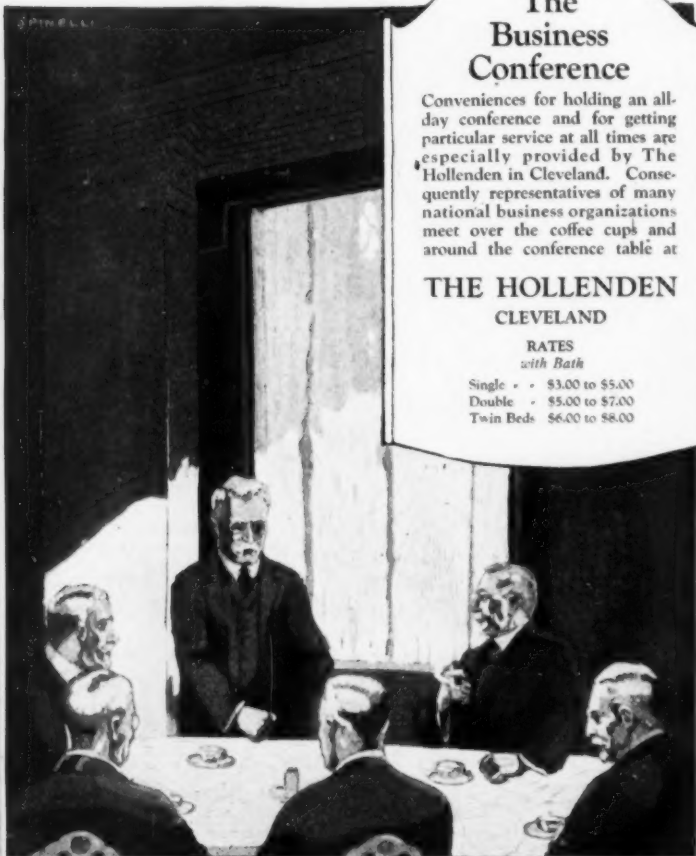
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In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Burning Questions

The soapbox orator found many things to criticize.

"And what do we do?" he cried. "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but ashes in our empty hands!"

—*New York Evening Post*.

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

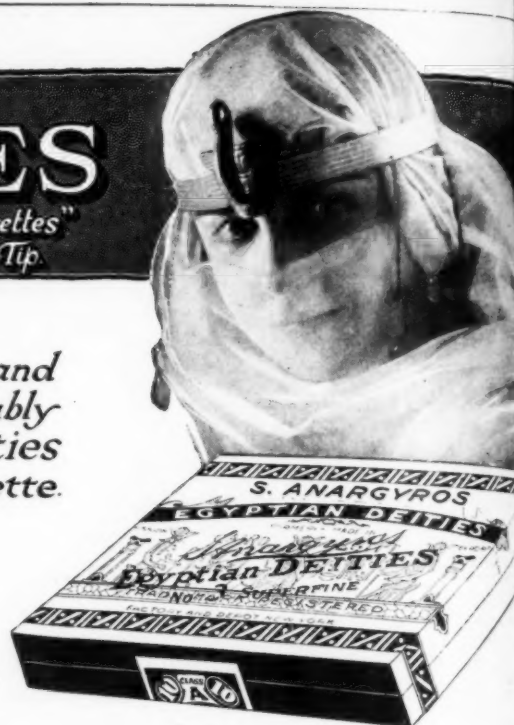
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The Time of His Life

A boy and a girl visited on a farm this summer, and were told they must write to their parents. The little girl wrote pages about the beautiful scenery, flowers, fruit, pet animals, etc. The boy grabbed a postcard and dashed off the following: "Grandma is a bully cook. I am having a good time eating. Dinner is ready now. Good-by."—*Arkansas Thomas Cat*.

A CONFERENCE of sanitary inspectors at Leeds has been considering the question, "When is a house unfit for habitation?" The most dependable sign is the owner's description of it as a "charming old-world residence."—*Punch*.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Didn't Have the Price

Returning home from the dentist's where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked. "How could I?" answered Ray. "You only gave me fifty cents."

—*Boston Transcript*.

The Burden of a Song

Before the Civil War the boys in the South used merrily to sing, "All I want of this creation is a pretty little girl and a big plantation." Since the World War every one has sung plaintively: How you gosh ter get 'em back on the farm after they've seen Broadway?

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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The Search

ONE morning Time spied a Maiden scanning the faces on a crowded thoroughfare. "Whom seek ye, daughter?"

"Democracy. The books differ as to her appearance, but all agree she is to be found in crowds."

"Well," allowed Father Time, "you can find some mighty queer things in crowds."

Presently they saw a glad-handed, flag-draped goddess, bearing an enormous cornucopia of promises while she exhorted an audience. The Maiden laughed.

"Why, it's only Politics, masquerading."

"Just a masquerade," grunted Time. "But somehow the crowd never tire of calling her Democracy."

They saw Poetry, coffee-drunk and limping barefoot while she plucked doubtful chords from a lyre; they saw red-eyed Bolshevism, so naked that even Time had to blush; they saw Vulgarly, Mediocrity, Greed and Caprice.

"But I wanted so to see real Democracy," pleaded the Maiden. "Suppose I look in Washington."

"Your etymology is mixed, dear: autocracy, plutocracy, bureaucracy 'a-plenty. Good morning—and don't stop looking."

That afternoon, Learning, coming from the Public Library, where she was writing



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SAN FRANCISCO

"A Study of Certain Tendencies in the Social, Psychological and Esthetic Development of Democracy," heard tumult from a vacant lot. The Canal Street Raiders and the Tar Flat gang were in the seventh inning of Homeric battle. Behind the pitcher's box stood the Maiden, cool, authoritative, umpiring the game.

"Here, Levinski, cut out that line of talk—it doesn't go here. No more shying rocks at the pitcher, Pontrelli. Strike two, Henri. A balk, Bradford—runners advance one base. One base, I said, Dos-

kovitch—back to second for you, and no sulking. Popodupolos, you interfere with Cameron again and you'll go to the bench to stay there. Quit crabbing, O'Brien. Come on, now, play the game!"

"D'ye know that young woman?" asked Time, who was rooting for both teams.

"I have not the honor," responded Learning with great dignity.

"I thought not," chuckled the ancient one. "Her name's Democracy."

E. O. James.



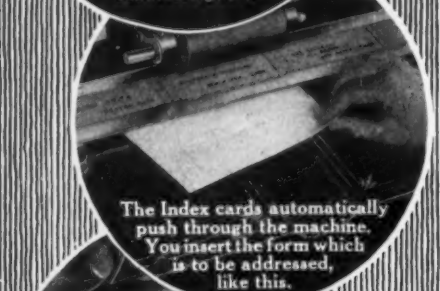
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The Great American Roly-Poly

I KNOCKED my salt-cellar over this morning. It bobbed up again, being one of those accommodating affairs that won't down. No matter how hard the blow, up he comes smiling, spilling no salt, ready for another blow—the cheerful idiot!

If I knew he'd crack, or break, or throw the salt where it would do the most harm, I'd treat him better. As it is, I knock the duffer over just to see him bob. It's a great game.

I hate the fellow! To me he is that cheerful fool type of whom I am one—the American middle class, that tremendously good-natured class that takes buffets on all sides and comes up grinning; that great body, the strength and life of the nation, which reads the reports of wheat gambles, cotton gambles, gambles with the necessities of existence, knows it is going to be hit, and hit hard, yet falls only to bob up philosophically without spilling anything.

We know, of course, that the enormous crops of the grain belt, the tremendous commercial prosperity, isn't going to reach us in the only way in which it could reach us, lower prices, but that we must pay for every drought, blight or disaster, straight from our own pockets in the increase of prices—blows that tip roly-poly over, to rise again still cheerful, or, if he hasn't the proper balance (in the bank), to break at last and be consigned to the dump heap.

Of course I'll never purposely strike that salt-cellar hard enough to break it: it is too useful. Neither does the manipulator of the middle class endanger his salt supplier, but both roly-polies get some pretty severe dents just the same.

Of course the lesser roly-poly is helpless: the greater—after all I'm not being fair to that salt-cellar. He hasn't the power to help himself. He must bob to my blows; but we who compose the great American bobber have it, and do not use it. We don't have to stand for those knocks, of course, but we will, and they who knock us know we will, just as well as I know that salt-cellar will bob up. To them we are only the chaps that eat sugar, must have flour, must wear clothes. When those go above our dollars, we'll stop. Foodstuffs will never go higher than our kind can pay for: they will go to the limit, but they won't jump it.

We don't knock roly-poly clear out. There are reasons!

MRS. LONGTALK: An ideal visit is one where you stay as long as you want to.

MRS. OFTBID: Yes, or break away when you choose.

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 590)

English-farce-comedy. Nor is this all. . . . Some of the trifles are unworthy of inclusion in the book at all; and the author's skill, except in mediæval themes, is hardly a match for her striking power of invention.

Harriet and the Piper, by Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Those who will dance must pay the piper." Harriet is the Beautiful Governess with a Past—entirely Innocent, but not so Appearing. The plot of this new novel by the author of that fine story, *Sisters*, is mere adroitness with threadbare material manipulated for the purpose of magazine serial "suspense." Mrs. Norris's genuine skill in characterization and her mastery of rich and fascinating detail make it certain that the reader will like the first half, or three-quarters, of the book and will not lay it down unfinished. But having laid it down, finished, there is considerable danger of a—well, reaction!—setting in.

Atlantida, by Pierre Benoit. (Duffield & Co.) Of two men whose adventures take them into a kingdom of innermost

Samuel Lyle, Criminologist

Therapeutic values of reading mystery stories—Admiral Grayson, physician to President Wilson, has been talking enthusiastically about them in the newspapers. He says that nothing rests the President after a hard period of work so much as a mystery story. The tale is a challenge to the reader to solve the puzzle in advance of the solution finally offered by the author, to analyze the situation and to discover the criminal or the treasure or whatever is the cue of the mystery before the fictitious detective, amateur or professional, gets the answer.

"*Samuel Lyle, Criminologist*," by Arthur Crabb, is a book of enthralling fiction by an author with a fresh touch, with the settings in fashionable society circles.

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"*Queen Lucia*," by E. F. Benson. (Geo. H. Doran Company.) Weather the first chapter and you will chuckle through all the remaining pages of this comedy of English rural life. "Queen Lucia" is one of those absurd women who supervise the "cultural" life of an entire community and whose pretensions are the thinnest sort of veneer. Mr. Benson doesn't use a slapstick, and while he makes fun of such people as Lucia, he refuses to sneer at them. He knows they're human under their skins.

Grant M. Overton.

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Whatever and However

A CLEVER little book has recently been published in England, entitled *Fairy Grammar*. It tells us how the airy, fairy Ram-Marg taught a boy of eight to recognize the parts of speech. It was written by a schoolmaster, who is probably a skilful and successful teacher, but who is nevertheless not as particular in his use of English as he might be. At least, he is twice guilty of employing a *Briticism* which is beginning to appear now and again in the otherwise immaculate pages of certain American writers. This detestable novelty is the employment of *whatever* for *what*.

The little boy's name was John Henry Arthur Percival Sparks—no more and no less; and after the fairy Ram-Marg had taught him that

A Noun names a person, a place, or a thing; as, *John, Mary, London, kitten, book, ring.*

—after he had learnt this, John Henry Arthur Percival Sparks besought her "to let him off any more lessons." This request threw the pedagogic elf into a violent rage. "What?" she cried in her wrath. "Let you off? Whatever next?"

Whatever next! And this from a professed instructor of youth. There is, how-

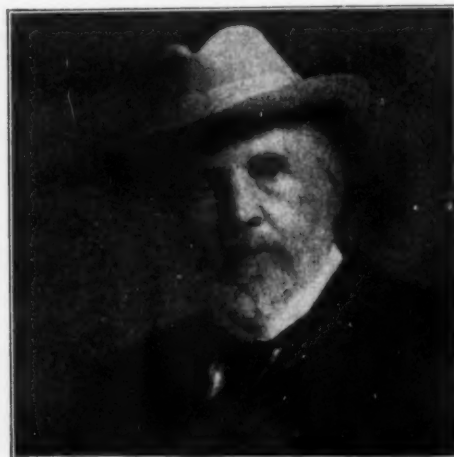
ever, one thing that may be said in favor of the author of *Fairy Grammar*. Although he misuses *whatever*, he is guiltless of the companion error of misusing *however* for *how*, a transgression of linguistic propriety not infrequent in the writings of British Novelists, Ltd. They are all the time making our characters ask another question like this: "However did you get here?" when they mean "How did you ever get here?" *B. M.*

Where Real Courage is Needed

JONES: I'm afraid I'll have to tell my wife that we can't afford a car.
SMITH: You're lucky. I'm afraid I'll have to tell my wife that we can!

"I HEARD that Jenkins' car was stolen yesterday."

"Lucky dog! Perhaps he can catch up with his gas bill before they find it."



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Russia: To get a clear understanding of the present régime in Russia read this great statesman's story of men and events that produced the Red Terror and the Autocracy of Lenine and Trotsky. These memoirs will be published simultaneously throughout the world beginning in October.

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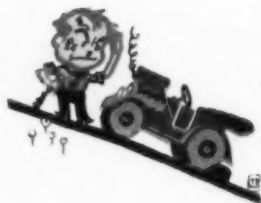
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Sure enough, the old bus went back on me



IT WAS a whale.
OF A hill, and the old bus.
GROANED AND shuddered.
AND FINALLY stalled.
AND YOU could fry eggs.
ON THE radiator.
WELL, WHAT I know.
ABOUT BUZZ wagons.
COULD BE written big.
ON A postage stamp.
BUT I fiddled around.
AND TORE my new shirt.
AND GOT all smeared up.
THE ENGINE would start.
BUT LIZZIE wouldn't.
NOT ON that hill.
SO I quit and lit up.
ONE OF my cigarettes.
AND THOUGHT it over.
THEN I had a hunch.
PUSHED HER around.
PULLED A thing-a-ma-jig.

AND THE blame boat.
BACKED UP the hill.
WITHOUT EVEN hesitating.
SO I learned a trick.
WHICH EVERY driver.
SHOULD REMEMBER.
WHEN IN doubt, light up.
A "SATISFY" cigarette.
FOR WITH one of those.
GEARED TO your teeth.
YOU CAN start anything.



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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.



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"Victrola" identify all our products. Look
under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.